

## SCHRAUNK FAMILY SUFFERED FROM INSANITY TAIN

Grandfather and Father of the  
Roosevelt Assassin Were  
Both Afflicted.

HIS LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Always Moody, He Brooded  
Constantly Over Deaths of  
Aunt and Uncle.

For at least three generations  
there has been a taint of insanity in  
the family of John Schrank, Col.  
Roosevelt's assassin.

Schrank's grandfather, a rich Ba-  
varian brewer of the same name,  
was almost a lunatic before he died.  
The same unaccountable cropped out in  
Schrank's youthful father. The son,  
known from boyhood in many sec-  
tions of the east side and in Brook-  
lyn, was a taciturn, moody, morose,  
brooding character. He had no inti-  
mates. A few members of his im-  
mediate family he appeared to love to  
idolize. He had no politics. He  
was not a professed Socialist. People  
who know him best say he is only a  
crank.

In all Schrank's career not an in-  
cident has been unearthed to explain his  
hatred of Col. Roosevelt, which seems  
to have developed after the death, last  
year, of his uncle, Dominick Flammang.  
Sitting in the back room of the White  
House Hotel at No. 156 Canal street,  
where he lived from last May until  
July, Schrank drank moodily by him-  
self and looked up at the pictures of  
four Presidents of the United States.  
One was of Lincoln, one was of Gar-  
field, both victims of assassins. The  
third was of Grant; the fourth of  
Roosevelt. Night after night, accord-  
ing to Gustave Just, the proprietor,  
Schrank would sit in this room, drink-  
ing, brooding, looking at these pictures.

Dominick and Anna Flammang came  
to America twenty-nine years ago,  
bringing with them a boy, Flammang  
opened a saloon at No. 350 East Tenth  
street, and lived upstairs. The boy was  
known as John Flammang, and the  
thrifty Germans in the neighborhood  
understood that the Flammangs had  
brought him from his grandparents'  
home in Germany.

### YOUNG FLAMMANG WAS JOHN SCHRAUNK.

For six years the boy attended the  
public schools, and when fifteen became  
battler in his uncle's saloon. In  
1902, the Flammangs moved to East  
Sixteenth street, and Flammang an-  
nounced that he had given his business  
to his young nephew. Great was the  
astonishment and wonder when the new  
name over the door was John Schrank  
instead of John Flammang. The old  
people then moved to No. 373 East  
Eighty-first street, where they had  
bought a house, and Schrank lodged  
with a family named Zeigler, over  
his saloon.

The new owner made no friends.  
Neighbors say that at that time he  
regularly received remittances from  
Europe. His education stood him in  
good stead. He spoke English and  
German fluently, and at times was a  
translator for the Staats Zeitung.  
Thomas Flammang, then President of the  
Labor Dealers' Association, says he  
remembers Schrank as a young fellow  
who was "a little off in his head."

That he had some social instincts is  
indicated by the fact that he was a  
member of the Hungarian Club at No.  
433 East Thirty-first street.  
Eventually Schrank sold his business.  
Anna Flammang died in 1907. Schrank  
was beside himself with grief. He had  
attended her with great devotion. Phy-  
sicians at the Presbyterian Hospital  
said she was going insane. Schrank,  
in hysterics, refused to leave the room  
in which her body lay and had to be  
put out. After she was buried in Ever-  
green Cemetery, Brooklyn, he spent  
days beside her grave. Another aunt,  
to whom he had transferred his violent  
affection, died in 1911, and about the  
same time Dominick Flammang died,  
leaving Schrank worth \$25,000.

### MOVED TO BROOKLYN TO BE NEAR CEMETERY.

Schrank lived alone in the Eighty-first  
street house, shut up and brooding  
again. He disappeared one day. None  
of his old Tenth street acquaintances  
heard of him after that until the news  
came of his attack on Col. Roosevelt.  
Schrank, however, only went to Brook-  
lyn and took lodging at the "Old Home-  
stead," a little hotel a Cooper and  
Central streets, convenient to the cem-  
etery, where he still spent hours at his  
aunt's grave. He lived at the "Old  
Homestead" until last January. Shortly  
before leaving he asked Edward Laurin-  
ger, the manager, to be his agent and  
collect the rents at the Eighty-first  
street house. He frequently received  
letters from Germany, but never di-  
vulged their contents.

In February Schrank, appearing to  
have suffered severe reverses, went to  
work in the saloon of Edward Haber-  
stroh and Theodore Thumann at No.  
248 Flushing avenue, Brooklyn. He car-  
ried only a shabby bag, and his most  
treasured possessions were the photo-  
graphs of a man and a woman. He was  
tried in two positions, failed in both  
and was discharged. In March the  
saloon proprietors were served with a  
summons in a suit brought by Schrank  
for \$11 salary. The suit went to trial  
March 4, and every day while it was in  
progress Schrank would appear at the  
saloon or at the offices of the proprietors'  
attorney and demand his money. On  
March 14 a verdict was rendered against

## Heir to \$30,000,000 and Girl Whom He Is Engaged to Wed



GLADYS  
VIRGINIA  
WATSON  
PHOTO BY BRADLEY STUDIO

him. He left the court room sullen and  
muttering.

"He was a queer man," says Louis  
Melada, chef at the saloon. "I could  
not understand him. He would come to  
me for his meals, but he never talked  
very much. We were not sorry when he  
went away."

### WAS ALMOST SHRINKING IN HIS MANNER.

"Schrank was a little chap, short and  
stubby," says Mr. Just, of the White  
House. "He had a calm face, a quiet  
voice and was inoffensive and almost  
shrinking in manner. He seldom had  
anything to say. He would come in and  
get his beer, and sit in the room and  
quietly watch the other men. I never  
so surprised in my life as when I heard  
he had shot Roosevelt."

"Bernard Berger, who came to own  
Schrank's former saloon, remembers his  
coming there on a visit about four years  
ago.

"One of the men present, who knew  
Schrank well," said Mr. Berger, "asked  
him where he was living, and I think  
he said he was staying with old Flam-  
mang, his uncle. No one said anything  
to me about his being a Socialist then or  
any other time, although I think some  
one in the party that day expressed the  
opinion that the Socialists would rule the  
country some day. I can't recall whether  
or not it was Schrank who said this."

Mr. Just confirms the statement that  
Schrank was never head to talk about  
socialism or politics in any form. He  
says he is sure Schrank never even men-  
tioned Roosevelt.

### WOMAN STILL HAS THE UNCLE'S ASHES.

Mrs. Margaret Daseking, who has an  
undertaking room at No. 276 East Tenth  
street, still has in a jar the ashes of Mr.  
Flammang, and told to-day of Schrank's  
behavior at the time of his uncle's  
death.

"The young man was terribly ner-  
vous," she said. "He walked up and  
down the floor so fast and so many  
times that the men could hardly go on  
with the funeral. He talked and  
muttered to himself, and just walked  
and walked and walked. He got the  
embaumer so nervous he couldn't do  
his work at all. He had the old man  
cremated, and I brought the ashes here.  
Two weeks later Schrank he comes and  
pays the bill, but he never says a  
word about the ashes, and they are  
here yet."

Thuman, Just and several others  
heard from Schrank that he had a sis-  
ter and brother somewhere in Brook-  
lyn, but the police have been unable  
to locate them. Just says Schrank  
gave his brother's name as Charles, and  
said he lived near Cooper and Myrtle  
avenues.

A visit by detectives to Lauringer's  
hotel in Cooper street unearthed a valise  
left there by Schrank last January. It  
contained a photograph of Schrank,  
a number of letters in German and  
English, some memoranda, mortgages  
and deeds. Schrank's last appearance  
there was Sept. 22. The police also  
learned that Schrank had borrowed \$250  
from a man whose name is withheld.  
This is the money on which Schrank is  
supposed to have been able to follow  
Col. Roosevelt over the country.

Outsider Wins Cesarewitch.  
NEWMARKET, England, Oct. 16.—  
The Cesarewitch Stakes was won to-  
day by the three-year-old Warrington,  
an outsider, against whom odds of 35  
to 1 were laid. Tootles was second and  
Winthrop third. There were eighteen  
runners. The race was a weight for  
age handicap, run over a distance of  
two miles and a quarter.

Another 24-page Magazine  
next Sunday. Don't fail to  
get it. Order next Sunday's  
World in advance. See your  
newsdealer to-morrow morn-  
ing.



WM ZIEGLER JR.

## YOUNG ARMY HUNTS \$400 PUP IN PARK FOR MAMMA'S \$50

Taxi Drivers, Footmen and  
Bicycle Corps Beat Bushes  
for Mrs. Griffin's Child.

At 7:30 o'clock to-day while Lieut.  
Maher was searching the frust from the  
windows of the Arsenal police station  
in Central Park a stylishly dressed  
woman rushed breathlessly into the  
room.

"My child," she cried. "Oh, Captain,  
Inspector, I've lost my precious child!"

"Yes," said Maher, reaching mecha-  
nically for one of the big books at his  
right behind the desk. "How old is the  
child?"

"Seven months."

"In perambulator? What sort?"

"POOR DEAR! HE'S THE ONLY  
CHILD SHE'S GOT!"

"Oh, dear, no! He was walking."

"Huh!" ejaculated Maher. "Well, how  
was he dressed?"

"He wore a little cute brown blanket,  
but I left his little foot warmers on."

"What's that? Easy now!"

"Oh, stupid! You see, I didn't have  
the heart to keep him on a leash on a  
fine morning like this, and a wagon ran  
over his hind leg right in front of the  
Hotel Park. Then he ran away into the  
park."

"Oh," said the Lieutenant in a tone of  
relief. "It's a dog you're missing,  
then?"

"Yes, the only child I've got, the poor  
precious!"

Then the lady, Mrs. Robert Griffin,  
four-months bride of the President of the  
Griffin Wall Paper Company of No.  
425 Fifth avenue, hurried back to her  
home, No. 36 West Fifty-ninth street.

On the way she stopped every park  
policeman and employee and gave a  
minute description of "Patrick," who,  
she said, was the finest French poodle  
ever and so intelligent he answered  
the purpose of a lady's maid. She  
offered a reward for his return.

Stopping in front of the Hotel Park,  
she engaged the chauffeurs of a half-  
dozen taxicabs to run their machines  
through every highway and byway in  
the park until they found Patrick.  
Money no object, and \$50 reward, in ad-  
dition to what the meter said. Boys on  
bicycles and feet-footed men, spurred  
not alone by the promised reward but  
by a cash guarantee for their time,  
raced into the park and began to beat  
through the bushes, in gross violation of  
"Keep off the Grass" signs.

PATRIK COST \$400, BUT HE'S  
WORTH \$5,000.

Finally a park laborer found Patrick  
in the summer house atop the knoll at  
Sixth avenue and Fifty-ninth street. He  
took the dog to Mrs. Griffin's home and  
got the reward. She sent at once for  
Dr. French, the veterinarian, who ban-  
daged Patrick's wounded member.

"I'm going to nurse Patrick myself,"  
she told an Evening World reporter.

"Why, he's been just as good as a  
lady's maid to me. When I want my  
slippers or anything else he can carry  
all I have to do is to ask Patrick to  
get them."

Mrs. Griffin said she paid \$60 for  
Patrick when she was abroad on her  
honeymoon, several months ago, but  
wouldn't take \$5,000 for him now.

Gov. Mann to Stamp Here.  
RICHMOND, Va., Oct. 16.—Gov. Mann  
was announced to-day, will leave Fri-  
day for Massachusetts, where he will  
make six or seven speeches for the  
Democratic national ticket, later trav-  
eling through Connecticut, New York  
and New Jersey. He will be on the  
stamp for two weeks and expects to  
make on an average three addresses a  
day.

For That Sweet Note, Clear Your  
Throat. See, Green + Green, Dr. 24, 47

## \$30,000,000 BRIDE SEES NO ROMANCE IN HER BETROTHAL

"All Done in Old-Fashioned  
Way," Says Fiancee of  
William Ziegler Jr.

WERE SCHOOLMATES.

Yachting Trip Put Finishing  
Touch to Their Long  
Courtship.

In the sitting room of a modest home  
in an unpretentious Harlem neigh-  
borhood, at No. 163 West One Hundred and  
Twenty-second street, Miss Gladys Vir-  
ginia Watson told to-day of her en-  
gagement to William Ziegler Jr., heir to  
\$30,000,000 left to him by his foster-  
father, the late William Ziegler, manu-  
facturer of baking powder and supporter  
of polar expeditions, which bore his  
name.

"Will and I have been chums for  
years," Miss Watson said. "He went  
to Harvard and later to Columbia, while  
I attended the Finch School for young  
ladies. Our families are friends, and he  
and I took in the round of concerts. We  
are both interested in music, dances, en-  
tertainments and outings. He is an ar-  
dent yachtsman, and we were together  
in many parties on his yacht and others."

"His health as a boy was anything  
but robust. But as he grew older he  
also grew in strength, until to-day he  
enjoys the best of health and his taste  
runs to out-of-door sports. Aside from  
his business, he is interested in all the  
arts, particularly music."

"He is a member of the Lambda  
chapter of the Epitaphian fraternity at  
Columbia and we would meet at their  
dances. Friendship grew, and our en-  
gagement was no surprise to our friends.  
In fact, with a smile, 'it all took  
place in the old-fashioned way. No; we  
have not yet set the date of the wedding.'"

Soon after Mr. Ziegler came into pos-  
session of the estate which makes him  
one of the richest young men in the  
country, he chartered the steam yacht  
Wakiva and took on a pleasure cruise  
a party which included Miss Watson  
and was chaperoned by Mrs. Fairfield  
Carpenter. It was on that cruise that the  
engagement was first made known to  
the friends of the young people.

Mr. Ziegler was of age July 20 last  
and is occupied by day at the Ham-  
mond National Bank, and which  
home at No. 35 Central Park South and  
has inherited an estate at Noroton,  
Conn. He came into possession of the  
income of the estate upon coming  
of age and will receive one-quarter  
of the principal every five years there-  
after. One of the trustees of the estate  
is Mayor Gaynor.

### GOT A PEEK AT HER KNEE AND GAVE HER ONLY \$500

Unfeeling Jury Cut Down Carrie's  
Claim for Injuries She

Fixed at \$20,000.

A jury in Justice Blackmar's Supreme  
Court, Long Island City, to-day re-  
turned a verdict awarding Miss Caroline  
Grountner, who lives at Hull street and  
Flushing road, Long Island City, \$500  
damages against Adolph Kaufman, a  
wealthy mining expert who lives at  
the Hotel Manhattan, Miss Grountner,  
who is sixteen years old, was suing to  
recover \$20,000 for injuries received when  
she was struck by Kaufman's automo-  
bile on June 24 of this year as she  
was walking on Flushing road.

The young woman's plea was that the  
blow from the machine, which Kauf-  
man was riding at the time of the ac-  
cident, had broken her kneecap. Upon  
the order of the court, which had been  
important by the jury, Miss Grountner  
took down her stocking in court and  
showed the twelve good men and true  
the scar of the automobile assault.

### HERE'S ANOTHER DOG YARN; IT'S ABOUT WILLIE, WHO PUZZLED COURT.

Just where Nellie, material witness  
in the case of Mike Batinsky, charged  
with larceny before Magistrate Breen  
in the Tombs Police Court, is to be  
tried until trial, was the cause of an  
argument between the court, the Dis-  
trict Attorney and Nellie herself to-  
day.

"She might go to the House of De-  
tention," suggested Assistant District  
Attorney Thomas Nolan.

"They won't take her," replied Ma-  
gistrate Breen.

"She can't go home," said Mr. Nolan.  
"And she can't stay at the station  
house," emphatically declared Detec-  
tive McKee, as he twined Nellie's  
case.

Thereupon Nellie kissed the feet of  
one Jacob Cohen of No. 44 Monroe  
street, and with yelps of delight, in-  
dicated that her own inclination was  
to go with him.

Nellie is a well-formed, affectionate,  
brindle bull dog. Cohen, who owns  
her, values her at \$75, and was com-  
plaining witness to-day against Bat-  
insky, who, he says, took Nellie for a  
walk on Oct. 2 and failed to return her.  
Max Ferinsky, a saloonkeeper in Park  
Row, also was in court and declared  
he had bought Nellie from Batinsky  
for \$250.

Batinsky was held in \$1,000 bail,  
and it was finally decided Nellie must  
go to the "care and custody" of the  
property clerk until the trial.

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## DESERTED BRIDE BLAMES PARENTS OF YOUNG SPOUSE

Pretty Mrs. Weaver, Left With  
30 Cents, Is to Sue Min-  
ister and Wife.

ELOPED A YEAR AGO.

Then Both Returned to Homes  
and 19-Year-Old Husband's  
Love Grew Cold.

Mrs. Florence Weaver, wife of Deane  
Larrabee Weaver, nineteen years old,  
son of Rev. Thomas M. Weaver, sat  
in her mother's apartment at No. 94  
West One Hundred and Fourth street  
to-day and tearfully told of her shat-  
tered romance which began a year ago  
last Labor Day with an elopement and  
which is ending with a suit for separa-  
tion on a charge of desertion.

The young wife is a beautiful dark-  
eyed girl, the freshness of her face en-  
hanced and made more attractive by  
the little tinge of melancholy her sor-  
row has wrought. She says she feels no  
hatred against her husband, but  
rather blames his parents and declares  
she is going to sue them for alienation  
of his affections. Mrs. Weaver's mo-  
tion for counsel fee and alimony of  
\$100 a week comes up before Justice  
Greenbaum in the Supreme Court on  
Thursday.

Mrs. Weaver said that her husband,  
although only nineteen, is a man of the  
world, with all the theories of a man  
of forty. One of the most advanced of  
his ideas of matrimony, and which  
brought forth a storm of objection from  
her, she said to-day, was his apparent  
willingness not to expect her to tie her-  
self down to him entirely, but to permit  
her to receive the attentions of other  
men, saying he also would like to have  
the privilege of attending to social  
duties.

After Weaver last saw her husband  
Sept. 18, when he left her in their cozy  
apartment at No. 111 Manhattan street  
to go to business in the office of Spen-  
cer, Trask & Co., where he is employed.  
When the young and happy wife re-  
turned home that afternoon she was  
informed by the hallway that her hus-  
band had left, taking all his clothing  
with him. She found he had not left  
even a note saying farewell, but had  
put 20 cents on the dining table.

### BOTH RETURN TO HOMES OF THEIR PARENTS.

"I knew Deane for ten months before  
I married him," said the young wife to-  
day in the presence of her mother, Mrs.  
Alice Shortle. "I loved him devotedly  
when I consented to elope with him. We  
were married at the home of my aunt,  
Mrs. Margaret Held, at Watervliet, N.  
Y. I thought we were going to be very  
happy. That was on Labor Day, 1911.

Two weeks later we came to the home of his  
parents and I returned to my mother. I  
objected to this, but Deane said his par-  
ents objected to the marriage, and that  
he did not have enough money to sup-  
port me. Several times he called on me  
during the winter and would take me to  
the theatre and restaurants; but but he  
made no effort then to furnish a home  
for me. I loved him all the time and  
always told him so. I was making al-  
lowances for his youth."

"Last winter we made several trips to  
my aunt's home in Watervliet, but when  
we returned he always went back to his  
parents and I to my mother."

"Last winter Deane's father called  
me over the telephone and asked me to  
meet him in the Hotel Astor. We had  
a pleasant conversation, and he prom-  
ised on behalf of his son to furnish a  
home for us. Dr. Weaver said, how-  
ever, that Mrs. Weaver was not pleased  
with Deane's marriage and would not  
receive me. Dr. Weaver was a kindly  
inclined man and I liked him, but the  
home for Deane and myself failed to  
materialize."

### HER LOVE AT LAST KILLED, SHE DECLARES.

"This last act of desertion has killed  
my love for him. He made me very  
unhappy the last week we were to-  
gether. He told me that I was not  
true to him and that he could no longer  
tolerate me. One of my girl friends  
told me that Deane told her that I no  
longer held any attraction for him."

"He called her up by phone several

## ROMANCE SHATTERED. SHE SUES MINISTER'S SON FOR SEPARATION.



MRS. FLORENCE S.  
WEAVER

times and invited her to dinner, which  
she says she indignantly resented. Miss  
Marion Igmos, who is known in vaude-  
ville as "Sunshine," who has been a  
friend of mine since early childhood,  
and who introduced Deane to me, told  
me that she had to threaten to inform  
his parents in order to keep him from  
calling on her when she was at the  
Astor Hotel.

"This defence that Deane and his  
parents make that he is unable to sup-  
port me is absurd. He always seemed  
to have money before our marriage.  
When we eloped and were married he  
was preparing to go to Princeton Uni-  
versity. He dresses well, is of the  
ideal type of college boy in appearance  
and carries himself with utmost san-  
ctity."

"I don't want to hurt Deane, but  
has made me most unhappy, and I  
think he should be made to support  
me. My suit is being conducted by  
Milton Spiegel of No. 19 Broadway."

## BROKER RUN DOWN BY BIG TRUCK AFTER DODGING TROLLEY

Driver of the Machine Takes  
Mr. Boardwell to the Red  
Cross Hospital.

Penned in by a moving street car in  
front of him and apparently so panic-  
stricken that he could not jump back  
toward the curb, Laver Boardwell, a  
wealthy broker with an office at No.  
42 Broadway, was run down to-day and  
seriously injured by an automobile truck  
at Eighty-third street and Amsterdam  
avenue.

Mr. Boardwell was taken to the Red  
Cross Hospital. He was unconscious  
when suffering from internal injuries and  
a fracture of the left arm. His head  
was badly cut and bruised. The front  
wheel of the truck had passed over his  
body.

Dr. McKettrick, of the hospital staff,  
said that it was doubtful whether he  
could recover.

The injured broker was taken to the  
hospital by George Guerin, driver of the  
truck. Guerin told Dr. McKettrick that  
the injured man had started across the  
street but had stopped in front of the  
oncoming truck, when a street car  
passed in front of him.

He said the truck was too close upon  
Boardwell to be stopped, and although  
he tried to turn toward the curb as  
soon as he saw Boardwell, the broker  
moved back in the same direction just  
far enough to get in front of the ma-  
chine.

The police later found Guerin at No.  
42 Broadway street, when David Le-  
hane is in the paint business, which  
name and address Guerin had given to  
the hospital authorities.

From Guerin's story of the accident  
it could not lodge a charge of reck-  
less driving against him, but he was  
arrested on the charge of operating the  
automobile truck without a driver's  
license.

Boardwell lives in a boarding house at  
No. 22 West Eighty-third street. Mr.  
Shepard, who runs the establishment,  
said Mr. Boardwell was unmarried, and  
about forty-five years of age.

Guerin declared that he was on the  
street car saw the accident, as it had  
passed by just before the truck knocked  
the broker down. He could not find a  
policeman.

FOUNDED 1856

## BROKAW BROTHERS MEN'S & BOYS' CLOTHING HATS & FURNISHINGS

Proof of the style and fit of our  
Suits and Overcoats is conclu-  
sive when they are tried on.

We like comparison, knowing that the  
style, fabrics and tailoring of all our  
garments will convince you of their  
unusual value.

Fall Suits, \$18 to \$50  
Fall Overcoats, \$16 to \$42

Astor Place & Fourth Avenue  
SUBWAY AT THE DOOR—ONE BLOCK FROM BROADWAY

## NURSE DESCRIBES HER BATTLE WITH A NEGRO FOOTPAD

Miss Bechtolt Tells of Attack  
on Her and Friend in Wilds  
of Bronx.

VICTIM IS BADLY HURT.

Miss Hayward, Cruelly Choked  
by Robber, Is in a Critical  
Condition, Doctors Say.

Miss Susie Hayward, one of two  
trained nurses who were beaten, choked  
and robbed by an unidentified negro at  
Jerome avenue and Mosholu Parkway,  
the Bronx, last night, is in a serious  
condition to-day. She has had several  
hemorrhages from the throat, where the  
frenzied grasp of the negro's hands was  
sufficient to break the tissues inside of  
the throat cavity, and there are evi-  
dences she may have a fractured skull.

Miss Elizabeth Bechtolt, who lives  
with Miss Hayward at the Nurses'  
Home at No. 68 Lexington avenue,  
though not so seriously hurt as her com-  
panion, suffered from nervous hysteria  
all last night and to-day was suffering  
all from the shock of the encounter.  
She told the story of the assault to an  
Evening World reporter.

"Miss Hayward and I were waiting  
for a Jerome avenue car at the Mosholu  
Parkway crossing," she said, "at about  
8:30 o'clock last night. The nearest  
building to us was the power house, a  
block away. Woods and vacant lots  
were behind us."

"Suddenly we saw a negro step from  
the darkness swiftly toward us. He  
appeared to be a young man, about  
twenty-two, I should say. He was coffee-  
colored and wore black clothes and a  
black derby hat."

"He ran first at me, waving some-